MEMORIES AND OTHER VERSES

NEWMAN HALL LIBRARY
2030 RIDGE ROAD
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

DO NOT REMOVE FROM COLLECTION
PRIOR TO 2032
SHARED PRINT RETAINED ITEM

College of the
Holy Names

Library

Oakland - - California

HOLY NAMES UNIVERSITY
PAUL J. CUSHING LIBRARY
library.hnu.edu
34681001032801

Professor E. B. Lamare

from

Edward Robert Taylor

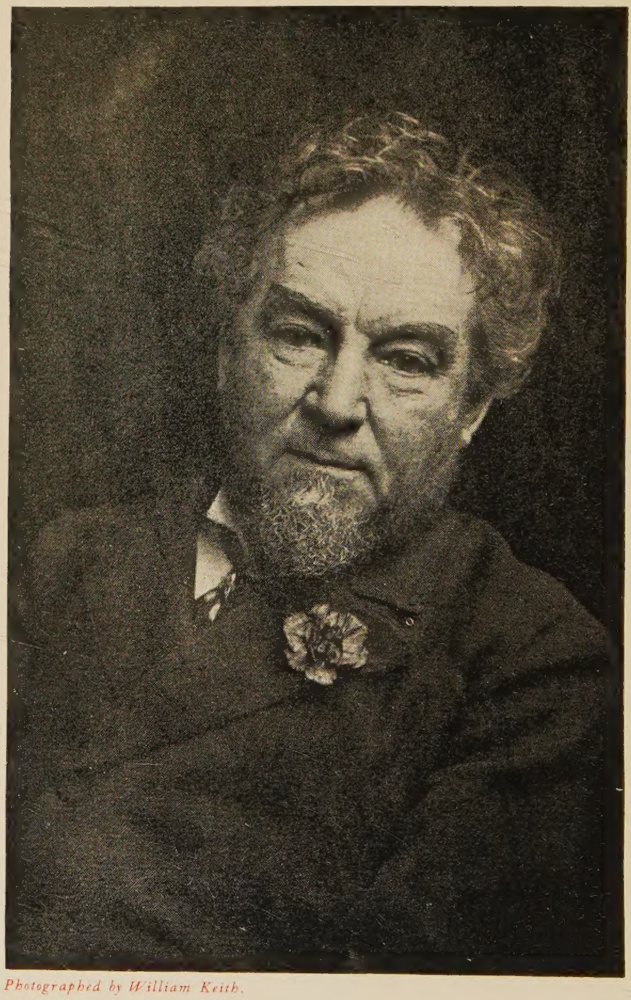
January

1.1.901.

MEMORIES AND OTHER VERSES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/memoirsothervers0000edwa



Photographed by William Keith.

MEMORIES

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,— Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,— Forenoon, and — what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

Life.— EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

"I praise Thee, Father, though Thou thrust
Me crying in the common dust,
Not as I will but as I must."

A Canticle of Common Things.— ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

ONE HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AT SAN FRANCISCO IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED.

MEMORIES

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,— Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,— Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

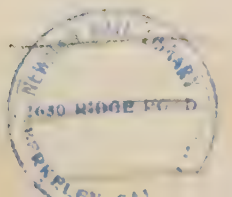
Life.—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

"I praise Thee, Father, though Thou thrust
Me crying in the common dust,
Not as I will but as I must."

A Canticle of Common Things.— ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

ONE HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AT SAN FRANCISCO IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED.

3366



Copyright, 1900,
by
EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

Printed by The Stanley-Taylor Company
San Francisco

42732

TO MY SONS

EDWARD DEWITT TAYLOR

AND

HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MEMORIES: 1

The Master 3

Memory's Bells 4

Visions 5

Memories 6

In Time of May 7

With Memory as Steersman 8

A Summer Day 9

On a Walk 10

In the Autumn Woods 11

A Winter Day 12

To the Missouri 13

The Dreams of Long Ago 14

HELICONIAN ECHOES: 15

Theseus and Ariadne 17

Icarus 18

Iphigenia 19

Orestes 20

Circe 21

Ulysses and Calypso 22

Antigone 23

Orpheus and Eurydice 24

Narcissus 25

IN MEMORIAM: 27

In Memory of Helen Stanford Taylor 29

In Memory of Bruno Lane Putzker 47

In Memory of George Bonny 48

IN MEDITATION: 51
Scorn Not the Singer 53
My Sonnet Prison 54
Edelweiss 55
Unaccomplished 56
Dante and Beatrice 57
To the Owl that alighted above the Picture of Athens . 58
Man's Heritage 59
Mystery 60
Near Midnight of December 31, 1899 . . . 61
Invocation 62
Compensation 63
Concord 64
Work and Service 65
Consummation 65
J. W. 65
Spring 66
On the Rubicon 66
The Axe 67
The Brook 68
To William Keith on his Painting, on his Sixtieth Birthday, a Picture entitled "The Last Gleam" . . 70
Suggested by Looking at a Picture Painted by William Keith entitled "The Mountain" 71
Suggested by Looking at a Picture Painted by William Keith entitled "Into the Mystery" 72
On a Picture Painted by the Poet, Lloyd Mifflin, entitled "A Quiet Hour" 73
Vowels 74
Artemis 75
Golden Verses 76
To Shelley 77
Rudyard Kipling 77
At Edwin Markham's Private Recital 78
To Professor Macewen 79
One of a Kind 84

IN MEDITATION — CONTINUED :

On Reading the Life of Henry George Written by his Son Henry George, Jr. 85
Faith 85
Passion-Flower 86
Her Resting Place 87
The Voyage 88
Despair Not 88
Voices 89
Whither 90

Memories

TO THE MEMORY OF

FREDERICK THOMAS KEMPER

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."

Macbeth, Act iv, Scene 3.

"The vestal flame of quenchless memory burns
In my soul's sanctuary."

Love in Exile.— MATHILDE BLIND.

What strength of years those blossoms had
Which made my spring of life so glad,
For in the dusty ways of men
Their perfume fills my heart again.

From out his noble face there looked an eye
Bespeaking mastery;—ah, I see him now
With gathered thunders on his clouded brow
Whence lightnings leaped that none would dare defy.
Yet kind and patient he, nor ceased to try
The veriest dunce with learning to endow;
But half-done work he never would allow,
Nor could he compromise with any lie.
And he drank deep of joyance of the play
That sent the blood all tingling through the veins,
To drive the harassment of tasks away;
And now his years are done, there still remains
Such love for what he gave me of my gains,
It warms my heart as though new-born to-day.

MEMORY'S BELLS

The Past's memorial troop insistent ring
Within my heart their deeply-sounding bells,
Whose mournful tone in every throbbing tells
Of joys that evermore have taken wing.
Yet 'tis not sadness which alone they bring;
For as I list, once more my bosom swells
With boyhood's bounding sport in woods and dells,
Where rapture's voices unrestrainèd sing.
Ah, where are they who filled the long-drawn hours
Of every season's wonderments with me
As though life had but happiness for sign? . . . .
The bells have ceased; the sky of evening lowers;
The fruitful summer can no longer be,
And barren winter now alone is mine.

VISIONS

Hope drew me on to peaks that glittered bright
With lovelier tints than rainbows ever knew,
While round my loitering feet rare blossoms grew,
Steeped in the glories of immatchless light.
In golden opulence the days were dight,
With every sky cloud-free, save when there flew
Great flocks of dreams that veiled the pulsing blue
Only to thrill me with a new delight.
Ah, this was in the days so long ago,
I marvel much if it be truly so—
Those immemorial, passion-hearted years.
My life's once blazing fires are burning low,
And in my cheeks regret's unfathomed tears
Have worn the channels age alone can know.

MEMORIES

Here let me put my daily burden by,
To live one radiant, consecrated hour,
While sceptred Memory with divinest power
Commands obedient visions for mine eye:
Ah, what procession floats beneath my sky,
Of long-evanished joys in spring-time flower,
When boundless realms were youth's demanded dower,
And all its troubles but a tear or sigh!
And she the fairest of the ghostly throng,
Who so entreats me with celestial gaze,
Leaps in my heart and trembles in my song;
O purple-gloried, more than hallowed days,
When she and I walked Love's enrapturing ways—
She that in Death's cold arms has lain so long!

IN TIME OF MAY

Within thy silvern bars, oh, hold me fast,
My Sonnet; — hold me safely, that my dream
Of immemorial blooms on men may beam
In all thy artistry of splendor cast.
To murmurous music of the far-off Past
Again I loiter by the woodland stream,
Till on its memory-haunted banks I deem
Myself with joys in fairy legion massed.
Once more I seek the walnut's easeful shade
To eat the mandrake's gold-hued apple there,
As all the ravishments of May are mine;
Once more with her that in the grave was laid
Long, long ago, I breathe the fragrant air,
And pluck at her fond wish the columbine.

WITH MEMORY AS STEERSMAN

'Tis memory steers me as my boat drifts by
The banks with violets and sweet-williams gay,
While far and near with many a carolling lay
The mating songsters fill the earth and sky.
Here let me stop, and 'neath the elm-tree lie,
Where boyhood's moments passed like dreams away,
And once more watch the sun's expiring ray
Light the cows homeward from the pasture nigh.
Their tinkling bells die out along the lane;
The gloaming slowly deepens into night,
And mid the darkness Memory flies from me.
Would she had longer stayed; but her delight
Has sweetly soothed the Present's piercing pain,
And bade me hope for worthier days to be.

A SUMMER DAY

What treasure trove the languorous summer hours
When all their golden moments were our own;
Beneath some tree's soft shade to drowseful drone,
And build in Dreamland fairy-peopled towers!
The birds are dozing in their leafy bowers,
Save the woodpecker that is tapping lone
Where dauntless bumble-bees make murmurous moan
Among the blossoms of the drooping flowers.
The sun sinks down in clouds that seem his pyre;
And as the dusk is edging into dark,
And Hesperus faintly trembles into fire,
The lightning-bug floats by, a glowing spark,
While then we hear — ah, now I hear it still —
The plaintive calling of the whippoorwill.

ON A WALK

O gentle Dream, thou art full kind to me,
For at the close of this all-wearying day
Within thine arms thou bearest me away
To Memory waiting 'neath the mulberry-tree;
Where close beside her let me sit while she
Recalls the boyhood feet that here did stray,
The cardinal's scarlet glory and his lay
That shook the blossoms plundered by the bee.
And then with her I'll wander o'er the hills,
And once again essay below the mill's
Great wheel to lure the silvery perch in vain;
And as with heartening step we stroll along,
What troops of stories will around us throng,
What golden sunshine, what delightful rain!

IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

I do remember in the long ago
How flamed the maple 'gainst the clouded sky,
While oak and hickory as with human sigh
Saw all the ground their dying leaves bestrow.
Ah, then the violets could no longer blow,
And all their shrivelled stems the brook passed by
In requiem as the quail's staccato cry
Blent with the raucous cawing of the crow.
But though the blooms were dead, the songsters mute,
Ours the papaw and persimmon fruit
When ripening frost had kissed them o'er and o'er;
While walnuts from their lofty place fell down,
On winter eves the jocund feast to crown,
With jennetings all mellow to the core.

A WINTER DAY

The great Missouri, that when spring was young
Rolled by in still increasing, widening flow,
Now shrinks beneath the ice where skaters go
Swifter than arrow by an Indian sprung;
And all the branches of the trees are hung
With crystals sparkling in the sunshine's glow,
While on the carpet of the fresh-laid snow
Play's riot leaps the shouting youths among.
Then down the hills the loaded coasters fly,
The air is thick with balls, and wrestlers try
For victory's palm contending breast to breast.
O marvellous time, when as the winter stormed
He boyhood's bosom with his ices warmed,
And reared great palaces for bateless zest.

TO THE MISSOURI

Imperial river, never would I dare
To offer thee my insufficient rhyme,
But that I do bethink me of the time
So long ago, so crystallinely fair,
When on thy banks I sported free as air,
Plunged in thy tawny flood at summer's prime,
And when the bells of spring rang sweet in chime
Strolled on thy bluffs for blooms enclustered there.
I see thee now when snow and ice are gone
In grand, majestic might roll swiftly on
By city, bluff and bottom to the sea;
And I remember well that swirl of thine
Wherein black death would quickly have been mine
Had not the Master sprang to rescue me.

These dreams of mine refuse to let me go,
And hold me close with such entreating face,
With such insistent fondness of embrace,
That once again I range the Long Ago;
Nor at this moment would I care to know
The Present's most rememberable grace;
My feet are bounding in the woodland race,
And everywhere Hope's ringing trumpets blow.
The boundless forest and its streams are ours,
Its luscious fruits and nuts, its beauteous flowers,
With trees that lift their splendors to the sky;
While rare, melodious birds such strains prolong
That all the universe is filled with song,
And nought that breathes seems ever born to die.

Heliconian Echoes

"And he had spoken with dead chiefs, a boy,
Who, in their boyhood long ago, had touch'd
The armed hands of heroes, that had warred
Beneath Troywall, and saw the temples fall.
And trod among the dust of Ilion;
And in the courts of Hecatompylos;
And heard the whispers of the oracles."

Sappho and Alcæus.—FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE

Within the labyrinth's depths the Minotaur,
Slain by the sword she gave, lay dead,
And with his finger following her thread
He issued forth to see the heavens once more.
Then Theseus swiftly from the hated shore
With Ariadne on his bosom fled,
Still hearing as toward Naxos on they sped
King Minos' cries above the ocean's roar.
Deep-nested in love's softest down they lay
When she to him: "Through me alone thy way
To century-sounding fame has now been won;
And yet I fear; — Oh, swear we shall not part!"
"By Aphrodite do I swear, sweetheart!" . . . .
Then rose portentous cloud and hid the sun.

At last the waxen wings were all complete.
Then spake wise Dædalus unto his son,
Who, hot with pride that now escape seemed won,
Longed for his pinions to supremely beat
In loftiest waves of air: "My boy, most sweet
Of everything the Gods for me have done,
Bridle thy mad desires, lest they outrun
Discretion's course and dash thee to defeat."
On them King Minos gazed with wondering eye
As swift they sailed through morn's auroral sky
From him and Crete; then smote his breast with glee,
As upward soared vain Icarus to the sun,
To downward, headlong plunge, a wingless one,
Into the jaws of the devouring sea.

IPHIGENIA

King Agamemnon's fleet at Aulis lay
In deadly calm ; no breath of wind would blow ;
For Artemis had changed from friend to foe
When her most sacred stag she saw him slay.
Then Calchas spake : " The Gods have bade me say,
That to this angered one we must bestow
The virgin child of him who wrought our woe,
Or death shall seize us and these ships decay."
From home and friends they brought the lovely maid
To smoking altar where the brands were laid —
A sight so piteous as to stay the knife ;
For Artemis to Tauris with her sped,
Where she as priestess gave Orestes life
When Troy and Agamemnon both were dead.

ORESTES

When Agamemnon on the wings of Fame
From conquered Troy to Clytemnestra flew,
She kissed his lips as him Ægisthus slew —
A pair of devils in immortal shame!
Orestes heard, and all his quivering frame
Surged with a wrath the Pythoness so blew,
That with his mother's blood he did imbrue
The hand till then snow-white of any blame.
Whereat the snakes of torture round his head
Still closelier clung as on and on he fled
Before the vengeful, fierce Eumenides;
But when the Tauric Artemis he bore
To Argos' land, Athene's self did seize
The raging Furies, and they scourged no more.

CIRCE

In sunless vale the Circean palace stood
A marble wonder, where, mid luring song
And drowseful, fragrant sweets men lingered long,
To drain their hearts and souls of every good.
As wrought she at her web in singing mood,
All unsuspicious came Ulysses' throng,
Whom, like the rest, though bearded men and strong,
She changed to beasts with bestial form endued.
Then rose Troy's hero in tremendous ire,
And scourged foul Circe with such words of fire
She helpless crouched within her poisonous den ;
And forth from out the wallow of their sty
His rescued fellows came with sparkling eye,
In shape and soul once more erect as men.

ULYSSES AND CALYPSO

For that they slew the cattle of the Sun
Ulysses' comrades sank to death while he,
Borne on the billows of the friendly sea,
Calypso's lovely isle in safety won;
Where filled with soothing rest his days did run
To murmurous music's luring notes as she
Bound him in coils of such captivity,
That but for Zeus his soul had been undone.
The God's command the enamored nymph obeyed,
And helped the hero as his raft he made,
The while her heart o'erflowed with parting's tears.
His glimmering sail she watched till in the sea's
Great void 'twas lost, then moaned because her years
Were not as mortal as Penelope's.

Most wretched of all wretched mortals he —
Self-blinded Œdipus — his kingdom fled,
And wandered on and on uncomforted
Save by his faithful, fond Antigone.
And when the Gods had set his spirit free,
And she the sacred rites had paid, she sped
Again to Thebes, and to her brethren said:
"My love is now for you and e'er shall be;" —
Devotion vain; for each the other slew,
And Polynices lay, still unentombed,
For birds and dogs. Then did Antigone
Give his poor, outcast body burial due,
To be herself by devilish hands inhumed
And 'neath the clods to die in agony.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

When from his arms Death snatched Eurydice,
On earth fell mute great Orpheus' matchless lyre,
For he to Hades with his soul on fire
Pursued his long-loved one to set her free.
At every pause of his entreaties he
So moved the Shades with music's deep desire,
That Pluto, yielding, oped the portals dire,
And gave her back to him and liberty.
As from that dreadful place his steps did wind,
With blissful heart she followed close behind,
While he, as was enjoined, gazed still ahead;
At last he turned, with love's forgetful sense,
For just one look, to find her vanished thence —
Again companioned with the hopeless dead.

NARCISSUS

Away from Echo's plaint Narcissus led
His steps where lay a moss-engirdled pool,
And wearied stooped to taste its waters cool;—
Then fell astonished as he were struck dead.
At last he gazed; then tried to clasp the head
And kiss the face so strangely beautiful;
Yet he but marred the mirror's waveless lull,
And wept to find his radiant vision fled.
No food he sought nor sleep; to gaze and sue,
Burned by the noonday sun and drenched with dew,
Were his alone until his parting breath.
The nymph he scorned with kindly hand did strew
Sweet grass and bloom upon his bed of death,
And on the spot a flower immortal grew.

In Memoriam

"Thou hadst not slept an hour of that last sleep
When my soul woke to know what it had lost,
And met the shining face of what thou wast,
Whom time can touch no more, nor earth can keep."

The Inverted Torch.—Edith M. Thomas.

"Shadows upon the wall,
Wavering shadows and gray;
Lonely, heartsick, I reach my hand in the dark
For the hand that has gone away."

The Dead. — Ella Higginson.

IN MEMORY OF HELEN STANFORD TAYLOR

June 3, 1900

Oh, give me words all steeped in tears,
And heated in the hottest fire
My heart has known in all its years,
To body forth my grief's desire;

To speak of her who was to me
A vision of celestial light,
But whom I can no longer see
No matter where I strain my sight.

I

Can this be day? The stars have fled;
Dawn's banners brighten overhead;
The wagons roll along the street,
And men go by with hastening feet;—
Ah, yes, it must be day.

But come and see where cold she lies,
Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes;
With pallid lips that cannot stir;
The aching mother bent o'er her;—
Ah, no, it is not day.

II

I cannot deem that she is dead;
I cannot think that she has fled
    Forevermore from me;
For in the midst of nightly things
There is a something subtile brings
    Her form again to me.

III

A bird of strange and brilliant hue
With powerless wing was fain to fly;
But as my heart its fate did rue,
A sudden wind from out the sky
Swept it far up until it seemed
The strength had come its soul had dreamed.

IV

How bloomed round her the flowers of nurturing care,
How breathed on her Home's kindliest summer-air,
How softly smooth her daily paths were made,
From that sweet moment Life first gave her breath
Until that bitter time her dear head laid
Its lilied loveliness in lap of Death!

V

My heart was kept with fear astir
Lest lightest harm might come to her;
My lips could not have dared to speak
One word to pale her bloomy cheek.

But now my fears are gathered up
In grief's exhaustless wormwood-cup,
And though I spoke in loudest tone,
Her cheek no paler hue could own.

VI

In mystery's face I did but peer
When she my heart with love did fill,
And yet her pulseless beauty here
Breeds mystery which is greater still.

VII

Those dainty fingers, how they swept
The keys until the music leapt
With bounding, heartsome thrill;
But now as on her breast they lie,
They from Death's organ wring a cry
Than polar ice more chill.

VIII

From out a wood where waters ran
As only joyful waters can,
Where flower and tree with rapture heard
The ecstasy of many a bird,
And in the air was such a lull
That everything of peace seemed full,
I sudden came upon a cave
With brooding gloom as of the grave,
And peering in the darksome nave,
Awe-struck I saw upon a stone
A mother bowed in grief alone.

IX

Oh, mournful joy to call to mind
What often comes at memory's beck:
To see around each other's neck,
Like honeysuckles intertwined,
The arms of mother and of her
Whom Death forbids dear Love to stir.

X

A music fell upon mine ear
As though from some celestial sphere,
Then sudden ceased, and discord's clang
Throughout my heart remorseless rang.
    Alas ! what awful woe
    In human heart may grow !—
What dreadful thought to stab a man,
That Heaven from Hell is but a span !

XI

Alone I lay on desert sands,
No water near my palsied hands,
Above me vultures' ravening bills,
And in my heart the grief that kills.

'Twas but a dream, as well you say,
And as a dream, has passed away;
Then let us kneel beside her bier
And beg the faith that casts out fear.

XII

How far I've come since I was born
To be thus stricken and forlorn;
To halt beside Life's rugged road
And pray for strength to bear my load.

XIII

An angel met me in the wood
And led me where her sister stood;
Then each one kissed me on the cheek,
But not a word did either speak.
They vanished, but I knew that they
Had brought me flower of peace that day.

XIV

The fog rolls in as it has rolled
For years that never can be told,
And all the sky is dull and gray
As in the far-off, olden day;
    And hearts still ache
    Until they break,
As it has been since Death held sway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled
The sun's above it as of old;
No sky can be so dull and gray
But that the blue will have its way;
    And hearts will wake
    For love's dear sake,
As it has been since Life held sway.

XV

A woman, great of form and face,
Who seemed to be of Sorrow's race,
Led me away from sun-bright air,
And from the trees and blossoms fair,
To lonely depth of solemn wood
Where but the sombre cypress stood.

She gently breathed a wordless prayer,
Then left me strangely dreaming there;
And when I waked, a newer grace
Was round me as with love's embrace,
And forth I went in heartened mood
Beneath the spell of chastening's good.

XVI

What note is this which sweeps
Along the mountain steeps,
Where neither flower nor tree
Nor verdured thing can be?

'Tis Life's great trumpet blown
By lips that heroes own:
"The death-strewn Past is gone—
The Present's yours;—march on!"

XVII

The world o'erflows its cup of woe,
Each heart has felt the knife of pain;
But I would have my soul to know
That all is best, that God doth reign.

O Grief that is darker than night !
O Sympathy brighter than light !
Mysterious twins, I have heard
Your awfullest, kindliest word.

TO PROFESSOR AND MRS. PUTZKER ON THE DEATH AT MANILA OF THEIR SON BRUNO LANE PUTZKER

February 12, 1899

Beneath Manila's far, relentless skies
Your lovely, hero-hearted boy lies dead,
Who from your nurturing arms so lately sped
To serve his country's flag in great emprise;
And as mine ear is saddened with your cries
Which spring from hearts as yet uncomforted,
With freshened pain I hear death's trumpet dread
Bid sorrow's legions troop before mine eyes.
For my dear one was lost in battle, too —
Not where great War decrees tremendous doom,
But where he strove beyond his strength to bear;
And may these twain, to duty here so true,
Roam free the asphodelian fields of bloom,
No more to taste the marah of despair.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE BONNY

January 4, 1900

You that loved him, gather here
Round his bier.

Let the roses heaping rest
On his breast.

In his heart their sweets were hived
While he lived,

And he might unquiet be
If that we

Did not give his bed of death
Their dear breath.

Mid their fragrance let us say,
As we pray,

How he nursed a patient mood
Filled with good —

Good that flowed without an end
To his friend;

How, whatever stress might be,
Equal he;

How with every breath he drew
He was true;

How he charmed us with his word,
As we heard

Stingless wit and ready sense
Flowing thence;

How he walked affection's ways
All his days;

And how Beauty's conquering art
Held his heart,

Till he seemed her very child
Undefiled.

Gather then with roses here
Round his bier,

And in heaps upon his breast
Let them rest.

In Meditation

"The soul,
Forever and forever — longer than soil is brown and solid — longer than water ebbs and flows."

WALT WHITMAN.

"What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

SCORN NOT THE SINGER

Scorn not the singer though his tremulous lay
Ring not along the arches of the sky,
Content the daisy's lowly sweets to try
As o'er the mead it wings its modest way ;
For nectar-laden it may chance to stray
Near some lone heart that beats to hopeless cry,
And yielding sweetness as it passes by
Bid Promise point to new, rewardful day.
O Poesy, thou mightiest of the Nine,
Now more than ever do we need the aid
Of e'en the humblest votary of thine ;—
Now when, as old ideals begin to fade,
In stress of doubt we question the divine
And mid its splendors dare to be afraid.

MY SONNET PRISON

Full oftentimes my friends have said to me:
"Give o'er the sonnet, since thou dost but lie
At leaden length beneath its narrow sky —
A slave imprisoned when thou mightst be free.
Though true it is the masters loved by thee
Have in that cage sung strains that cannot die,
Yet they were those who could all bonds defy,
And soar at will in Art's immensity."
Then I to them: "No eagle's wings are mine,
That tempt the vastness of immortal song,
To rest at last on fame-encrownèd years.
Leave me my prison bars, to me divine,
Where with the Muse I have communed so long,
And on her breast have shed memorial tears."

EDELWEISS

"To-morrow from Zermatt we'll see the grand,
Far Théodule and soaring Matterhorn;
And then, O joy! as though for us just born,
In luring nook the Edelweiss will stand."
The morrow's breeze the peak and glacier fanned,
And fanned the form of her that crushed and torn
Lay like uprooted lily pale and lorn,
The fatal Edelweiss within her hand.
Her body fouled with stains they bore far up
From precipice's foot to church's arms,
And would have earthed it 'neath memorial stone;
But vain the offer of this final cup:
For she who fled the city's roars and harms
Now found that even in death it claimed its own.

UNACCOMPLISHED

He parcelled off from Beauty's vast demesne
One little spot that seemed so very fair,
He thought his soul might rest securely there,
Triumphant in a spring of fadeless green ;
And in the distance looming clear were seen
Great towers that wooed such empyréal air,
They mocked alike man's ravage and his care,
Beaming like stars eternally serene.
Then came the Muse and whispered in his ear
Seductive sweetnesses that so beguiled,
He dared a tower of his own to rear ;
But scarce one dawn beheld it, when a wild
Wind smote it, and in night that knew no gleam
It crashed to fragments as a shattered dream.

DANTE AND BEATRICE

TO A. S. T.

O world-compelling Dante, who the sea
Of Poesy so stirred from shore to shore,
That even as yet its surging thunders roar
In tones undying as eternity;
With master spirit so supremely free
It scorned all bonds and swept through every lore,
On wisdom's pinions at the last to soar
To empyréal world of ecstasy!
The crown of sorrows with its thorns was thine;
But in thy bosom blazed the fire divine
That lit thy track to Paradise from Hell;
And she who gendered its immortal light
Has starred forevermore the matchless might —
Disputeless miracle — of woman's spell.

TO THE OWL THAT ALIGHTED ABOVE THE PICTURE OF ATHENS HUNG IN ONE OF THE LECTURE HALLS OF RUTGERS COLLEGE

TO PROFESSOR JACOB COOPER

O thou, wise bird Athene made her own,
Did instinct's pulses beat within thy breast
When in this college hall thy wings found rest
Above the picture of her matchless throne?
Or wast thou here at favoring moment blown
By breeze favonian, to remind us lest
Our faith in old ideals, so long professed,
Be like the Parthenon's columns — overthrown?
It matters not; we take thee as thou art,
And house thee safe and warm in every heart,
For ne'er before was spectacle like this;
And now we feel the centuries backward rolled,
While in supernal splendor as of old
Upsoars the temple-crowned Acropolis.

Published in *The Independent* (N. Y.) May 26, 1900.

MAN'S HERITAGE

TO REV. HORATIO STEBBINS

Immortal Man, what treasure falls to thee!—
The ages million-yeared whose life-blood still
Flows through the channels of thy good and ill
As will thine own through those that are to be;
The prisoned secrets yearning to be free;
The infinite-sounding harmonies that fill
All space and being; and that supremest Will
Which weaves the web of life's great mystery.
Dig where thou wilt and thou shalt jewels find,
As will thy brother in no less degree
Who searches centuries hence with deeper mind;
For thou art ruled by such divine decree,
And in the Eternal's breast art so enshrined,
Thy wealth can feel no bound's extremity.

MYSTERY

What notes of mystery in our being sound!—
The unimaginable depths of space;
The multitudinous worlds in pauseless race
Toward far-off goals beyond all dreaming's bound;
This orb of ours whereon man sits encrowned
A God and Devil—void of any place
Where Life and Death meet not in fierce embrace
To what deep purpose thought has never found.
There is no great or small: this grain of sand
Its secret holds, as does the shaping hand
Which fast cements it in the building's wall;
And this vain butterfly, that only can
In wingèd rapture hasten to its fall,
Mysterious is as thy great soul, O Man!

NEAR MIDNIGHT OF DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST, 1899

In retrospective dream I watch my fire,
Erst bright with flame, to embers now decline,
As thee, once young and lusty Ninety-nine,
Within the arms of Time I see expire.
And as thou sink'st to death, War's clamorings dire
More horrent scream than when life first was thine,
While man now drinks his brother's blood for wine
With bestial, unappeasable desire.
Thou seem'st of evil wrought, but so did they
Thy vanished kin; yet man still holds his way
Through all the maze and tangle of despair;
Still Love uprears her palaces divine;
No deed's to do but finds some arm to dare,
And God still lets His stars in glory shine.

INVOCATION

As kind as thou hast been to me, O Sleep,
Since first as friends we met, be kinder now:
Lay thy most velvet touch upon my brow,
And in thy syrups all my being steep;
If there be hushful chamber far and deep
Where thou alone oblivion dost allow,
Bear me to it, sweet one, and then do thou
Still in thine arms my wearied senses keep.
Let not one dream thy watchful guard break through,
To mar the blessedness of such repose,
Or tempt me forth to mingle more with men.
At times such horrors rise before the view
That life seems raging in a hell of woes,
With earth scarce better than a slaughter-pen.

COMPENSATION

TO P. C. L.

Illimitably vast the ocean rolls
Before me as its wreck-strewn shore I tread,
And in its depths I view the unnumbered dead
That stare for aye at unaccomplished goals.
So, round the world my sorrowing sight controls
The sea of life, with waves from slaughter red,
That heave forevermore above the bed
Where lie the hopes and aims of myriad souls.
Yet in that ocean's breast the pulses beat,
To send rich blood through every country's veins,
Bespeaking services of mutual good;
And in this sea Joy still the heart constrains;
Here Duty's jewels are; and here Love's seat,
Divine as that which over all doth brood.

CONCORD

TO E. D. T. AND H. H. T.

This graceful blade of springing grass behold,
And this poor, stolid weed that droops near by,
Then range once more with wonder-ravished eye
O'er worlds on worlds through space's vastness rolled;
Look on this marvellous tree whose years untold
Still mock at death, where, as we dreaming lie,
Dear Memory breathes her softly-saddened sigh
On past-gone days of purple and of gold.
O grass and weed! O rolling suns and tree!
O immemorial dreams so bitter-sweet!
Kin each to all in God's immensity;
In tiniest speck the world-force is complete,
And e'en the Universe itself doth beat
In tune to one eternal harmony.

WORK AND SERVICE

Through work and service thou mayst see
The inmost heart of liberty,
And make thy sum of days to be
One fused organic harmony.

CONSUMMATION

Strength to resist temptation's subtlest bait,
Unquailing fortitude mid every fate,
Laborious zeal to do the task at hand,
With Love and Faith in unrestrained command;—
If thou hast them, through all the seas of stress
Thy soul shall reach the port of blessedness.

J. W.

His cottage looks in quiet down
Upon the far, outspreading town,
Whose joys and woes with spirit art
Sing in the palace of his heart.

SPRING

TO HELEN

Balm-breathing Spring trips o'er the hills
To music of the gladsome rills,
And every bud is stirred,
As now the mating bird
The fragrant air with throated rapture fills.

And as we walked, sweet daughter mine,
This morn beneath Spring's dewy sign,
I heard thy budding heart
Perform its joyful part —
Harmonious in that symphony divine.

ON THE RUBICON

July 24, 1900

The merry songsters' minstrelsy,
The river singing ceaselessly,
My two boys tramping by my side,
While round us rose the summer's tide.

THE AXE

After Henri de Régnier

isten. The icy wind on roadway's pebbles here
Iakes slowly, surely sharp — workman no eye can see —
s norther's bills and scythes as keen as steel can be.
isten. Time's footfall sounds upon the cross-road drear.

isten. Afar e'en now the flowers are stripped and sere;
he neighboring mead's a-cold; and this majestic tree
t breath so murderous shakes and shudders fearsomely;
Vhile trickles drop by drop its Dryad's life-blood dear.

he woodmen, binding bark and fagots, wend their way
las! thy towering stature and thy strength to slay;
hy shade has marked the hour for thee to be laid low;

ut when some autumn eve is proud to see thee die,
mid thy golden limbs that all dismembered lie,
hen calmly, grandly fall beneath the axe's blow.

THE BROOK

After Théophile Gautier

Between two stones, in shady nook,
From spring that oozes near a lake,
In merriest humor runs a brook
As though some far-off goal to make.

It murmurs: Oh, what joy is mine!
Below the ground what night to see!
And now my banks with verdure shine,
While skies admire themselves in me.

The azure myosotis cries
To me, Forget me not, I pray!
I feel the tails of dragon-flies
My bosom scratch in sportive play;

From out my cup the bird drinks free;—
And after winding far, who knows
But that the vales, rocks, towers will be
Bathed by my wave that grandly flows?

I shall embroider with my spume
Stone bridge and quay's granitic wall,
And bear great steamers as they fume
Toward boundless ocean, end of all.

Thus talks the brook in chattering craze;
In it a hundred projects grow;
Like water boiling in a vase
No self-restraint its soul can know.

But tomb and cradle stand anear;
The giant dies a pygmy small:
To trouble born, the brook falls sheer
Into the lake that drinks it all.

TO WILLIAM KEITH ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PAINTING, ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY, A PICTURE ENTITLED "THE LAST GLEAM"

Suffused with golden hue thy landscape lies
Where restful oaks forbid their leaves to stir,
And where, mid thoughts of days no time can blur,
I see thy fruitful art still upward rise.
For many a year, indomitably wise,
Thou hast of nature been interpreter,
Nor hast thou needed but thy soul's own spur
To paint such day as on this canvas dies—
Not dies, but lives: for its last gleaming ray
Shall light these sheep upon their homeward way
Long after thy great heart can beat no more;
And while the living shepherds pass away,
This one of thine in all his radiant store
Shall help to wreathe thee with undying bay.

SUGGESTED BY LOOKING AT A PICTURE PAINTED BY WILLIAM KEITH ENTITLED "THE MOUNTAIN"

TO J. W.

What wrecks of Time and Storm are crumbling here!
The rocks that seemed eternal shattered lie,
And pines that sang their glorias to the sky
In mute dismemberment stretch prone and drear.
Beneath this gloomful shade, wide-spreading near,
What hidden things in loneliness may sigh,
What spirits of the Past may wander by,
Their cheeks bedewed with immemorial tear!
But look beyond: the towering summits glow
With grand magnificence of dazzling light,
That tints with rainbow hues their bosomed snow;
And as I gaze, with secret, magic might
My soul seems lifted from the glooms below
To faiths that blaze immaculately bright.

SUGGESTED ON LOOKING AT A PICTURE PAINTED BY WILLIAM KEITH ENTITLED "INTO THE MYSTERY"

The palpitating splendors of the West
In mystery tremble through the wood, as Day
With noiseless footfall slowly steals away
To Night's star-lighted palace and to rest.
Save where these cavaliers spur on with zest,
As if some fateful message to convey
For leagues beyond, all sounds of sad or gay
Lie stirless on the landscape's lovely breast.
And should we ask these horsemen in their pride
What word it is they carry on their ride,
And what dear heart to hear it breathed would break,
They sure would say: That word is ours alone;
To Dreamland only is that loved one known,
Yet we shall ride forever for her sake.

ON A PICTURE PAINTED BY THE POET, LLOYD MIFFLIN, ENTITLED "A QUIET HOUR"

With splendor's pageantry the lordly day
Is marching to its death: for now the sun
Has o'er the battling clouds such victory won,
He floods the west with glory-flaming ray.
His foes retire, while 'neath his regal sway
The placid river, all its day's frets done,
Dreams of the nearing stars, and joys to run
With vesper music on its radiant way.
Within the boat, that lightly glides along
As though 'twere leaf from neighboring islet blown,
An idle fisher plies an idle oar.
Here Quiet broods with all her lovely throng,
And here in them my torn heart finds its own,
And for a moment hopes to grieve no more.

VOWELS

After Arthur Rimbaud

Vowels, A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue,
Some day I'll tell your hidden births in cunning wise.
A, bodice black and shaggy formed of brilliant flies
Enclosing stench's foul, intolerable crew,

Gulf's darkness; E, white tents, the fleecy mists of skies,
Proud glacier's lance, blonde kings, tremors that umbels
woo;
I, purples, blood spat out, smile of dear lips that sue
When passion shakes the soul or sweet repentance sighs;

U, cycles, emerald seas with tremulous waves divine;
Peace of the meadow's breast, peace of each wrinkled line
That on great, studious faces magically lies;

O, clarion's voice supreme, with stridors loud and strange,
Hushed silences the worlds and angels ever range;
O, the Omega, ray of her deep violet eyes.

ARTEMIS

After Gérard de Nerval

The Thirteenth comes again . . . Yet still the first is here;
Alway the sole dear one,—or only hour for me:
For art thou, Queen, the first or last one to appear?
Art thou, King, lover sole, or last that is to be?

Love them who loved you well from cradle to the bier;
She whom I loved alone still loves me tenderly;
'Tis death—or she that's dead . . . O joy! O agony!
The rose she holds, ah, that's the hollyhock so dear.

St. Neapolitan, with hands whence flames arise;
Flower of St. Gudule—thou violet-hearted rose:
Hast thou now found thy cross in desert of the skies?

White roses, fall! You mock our Gods in foulest wise;
Fall, ye white phantoms, down from out your heaven that glows:
—The Saint of the abyss is holier to mine eyes!

GOLDEN VERSES

After Gérard de Nerval

Free-thinking Man! believest that thy thought alone
Pervades this world where life in everything streams
bright?
The forces in thy hand are at thy freedom's might,
But of thy counsels nought the Universe has known.

A spirit stirring free the beast can call his own;
Each flower's a soul by Nature brought to being's light;
In Love's deep mystery e'en the metal is bedight;
All feel, and in thy breast each rears puissant throne.

Fear thou, in darksome wall, an eye that watches thee!
In matter's self a voice incorporate with it cries . . .
Oh, never be it raised to serve impiety!

In some obscure one oft a God all hidden lies;
And like the nascent eye which veiling lids enclose,
Beneath its shell of stone a pure, sweet spirit grows.

Note. — The title of this sonnet is "Vers Dorés," by which, I venture to suggest, the poet intends to characterize the verse as gnomic in contradistinction to his symbolic, imaginative verse. The difference is plainly indicated by comparing his "Artemis" with this sonnet. In Littré we find this: "Vers d'or ou vers dorés, vers gnomiques attribués à Pythagore." The French text from which this version was made, as well as that from which the versions were made of "Artemis" and "Vowels," was taken from Mr. Arthur Symons' very interesting volume entitled "The Symbolist Movement in Literature."

TO SHELLEY

Bright seraph of the cloud and air,
Couldst thou have left thine eyry there,
And felt the earth beneath thy feet
Till life for thee was all complete;
Or had the waves not swept thee down
Thou wouldst have worn still richer crown;
But why regret? — thy lyric lay
Still wings its rapturing, skyey way,
While that brute world which gave thee blows
Now on thy tomb Love's roses throws.

RUDYARD KIPLING

'Tis not for beauty that to him we go,
Nor for the gilded dust of by-gone days;
But for the forceful, unimpeded flow
Of hottest blood that fills unwonted ways;
For strifes and loves, for pleasures and for pains,
That roll tumultuous in the Present's veins.

AT EDWIN MARKHAM'S PRIVATE RECITAL

May 5, 1899

Of old, when wassail held its roisterous way
Amid the warriors fresh from lust and gore,
For them the Minstrel swept his harp-strings o'er,
And loudly sang his rudely-fashioned lay;
But now, in pauses of the violin's play,
The Poet reads from out his harvest store,
To those who thirst for spirit-wakening lore,
His moving numbers till with him they pray —
Pray to be "kind and patient as a tree;"
Pray for a spirit which, while "propt with power,"
Shall ever be "as simple as a flower;"
Pray that the Christ in all men's hearts may be,
So that their cruelties and greeds shall fall
Before dear Love triumphant over all.

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM MACEWEN OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, SCOTLAND

(WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DELIVERY OF THE FIRST COURSE OF LANE MEDICAL LECTURES AT COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO, IN SEPTEMBER, 1896)

Hail, and all hail, thou glorious soul
From over seas!
Not often do our fates control
Such days as these —
Days that are filled with stirring thought
From your o'erflowing treasure caught.

And all the more we press your hand
In welcome here,
For does not every heart expand
In Burns's year? —
The hundredth since he laid him down
With Love's and Fame's immortal crown; —

Expand at least to him who brings
From Scotia's strand,
On Science's all-willing wings,
To this far land,
A message that shall strike its root,
To bear soul-satisfying fruit.

What pulse does not the faster beat
At Scotia's name?
In what world's garden shall we greet
More flowers of fame,
That watered with perpetual dews
Their freshness they can never lose?

And midst them all see Hunter raise
His lofty head,
As he the world of life surveys,
That he might spread
Such splendor of achievement round,
He seemed to stand on magic ground.

By right divine he lives with those
Colossal few,
That on the centuries repose,
To there renew
From out the crystal fount of Truth
Their sempiternal, glorious youth.

He deemed that Law's great coil entwines
All forms and things —
No more the star which deathless shines,
Than fly that wings
Its tiny self in summer's air,
To perish in a moment there.

To him the universal course
One harmony was,
That knew no weakening of its force,
Nor lawless pause,
But ran to music's ordered play
Through nature's vast, unending day.

His comprehensive genius sought
All realms to see;
In countless forms of life he wrought
Incessantly,
Pursuing with prodigious care
Each wonder to its secret lair.

No respite was for him, nor ease;
Toil piled on toil;
Labor was all his soul could please,
And heaping spoil
So rich mankind still ponders o'er
The varied richness of its store.

The Abbey took him to her breast,
And this was well;
For sure no more deserving guest
With her doth dwell;
But when Westminster's walls are gone,
John Hunter's name shall still live on.

Old Scotia's many deathless names
I may not sing,
But this great one so starlike flames,
I thought to bring
My meed at such a time as this
Might not be taken as amiss;

For you are one of those who stand
In Hunter's line,
And serve to make your marvellous land
So radiant shine,
That Scotland's soil exhaustless seems
In all that Science hopes or dreams.

For you the very gates of life
Are opened wide,
Wherethrough the all unerring knife
May safely glide,
Bearing upon its glittering edge
The boundless bliss of healing's pledge.

Even cranial walls oppose in vain:
For breaking through,
You seize the demons of the brain,
By faultless clew,
And set their tortured victims free,
That life and joy again may be.

And we who sit beneath your voice,
And at your feet,
With feeling's deepest note rejoice,
For here doth meet
All that can keep our hearts in tune
To this inestimable boon.

Hail and all hail, once more, all hail,
To you and yours!
And when you bend your homing sail
For Scotia's shores,
Be sure you'll take across the blue
Remembrance dear as man e'er knew.

One of the genial tribe of critics, who
Can run your volumed years of labor through
Quite at a glance, and then with lofty scorn
Wonder such verse should ever have been born,
Deemed that I gave my poor, applausive word
Too freely to the ones my heart preferred,
And for such promiscuity he banned
My rhymes forever from the Muses' land.

But who except the paltriest soul would stay
The humblest hand that holds one leaf of bay,
Or close the lips which tremble with the praise
Of any man that walks unworldly ways?
Most worthy critic, *you* are safe enough;
Next week will be forgot your wretched stuff,
While those you prick with your envenomed pen
Will roam delighted in the hearts of men.

ON READING THE LIFE OF HENRY GEORGE WRITTEN BY HIS SON HENRY GEORGE, Jr.

Again I hear his dauntless voice,
Again my heart with his is one,
Again I hear great souls rejoice
At deathless work supremely done,
And see once more the millions stirred
At his incomparable word.

FAITH

Though man be lost in maze of mystery's land,
'Tis his to feel if not to understand,
And hear the heartening voice that ever sings
Of all the deep divinity of things.

PASSION-FLOWER

After Mme. la Comtesse de Chambrun

Behold the flower I choose,
Now that my years decline:
The Passion's flower some
Have called it, but the name
Of flower of Life I give as mine.

What matters it? — 'Tis all the same:
For see, it has the crown of thorns,
The ladder mounting to the sky,
And sponge where drops divine by turns
Of hyssop and of honey lie.

The green of hope within it glows,
Here sorrow spreads her violet hue,
'Tis joy, 'tis suffering, and it knows
The cradle and the coffin too.

'Tis then the flower I choose,
Now that my years decline;
With tint like that which pales
The day that cannot last,
'Tis both the Future and the Past.

NOTE.— The original of the exquisite lyric from which this version was made was drawn to my attention by Professor E. B. Lamare.

HER RESTING PLACE

She rests not where the bending flowers
Can spill their perfume over her,
But in the cells of loveliest flowers
Her body's atoms once more stir,
To give those blooms a brighter hue
Than e'er before their petals knew;
While in the urn her ashes lie,
White as her soul that cannot die.

THE VOYAGE

O Youth, when setting sail
For golden lands,
Careless what winds prevail,
What life demands,
Such gorgeous colors spread before thine eye,
Such rainbows span the far-uplifted sky,
When setting sail.

O Age, when furling sail
From fruitless lands,
Whose soul has felt the bale
Of life's demands,
Such dark-hued colors spread before thine eye,
Such near-descending clouds hide all the sky,
When furling sail.

DESPAIR NOT

Despair not, for the infinite is thine —
Thine which is part of an eternal whole
In all its good and evil so divine,
Thou scarce canst know how precious is thy soul.

VOICES

From out the azure's depths serenely falling,
At times I hear celestial voices calling,
And then in spirit-flight
I soar from murky night,
To seek their presence in the fields of Light.

And by their marvellous tones the air is shaken,
Until I feel my fearsome soul awaken
To faiths that set it free;
And calm as one might be,
I dare to ask what death can come to me.

WHITHER

Ah, my Songs belovèd,
Whither do ye go?—
O belovèd Poet,
That we cannot know.

Who can tell what roses
Will to-morrow bloom,
Or what wings be folded
In relentless gloom?

We abide the future,
As the greatest must—
Sure to find the laurel
Or be less than dust.

RIDGE ROAD

...0 RIDGE ROAD
...LEY, CALIFORNIA

Date Due

JUL 16			

PS
3539
A89M4

42732

Taylor, Edward Robeson
AUTHOR

Memories and other verses
TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
JUL 16	L. Sickinger

PS Taylor 42732
3539
A89M4